



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PRESENT HUNTING SEASON IN THE MAIDENHEAD DISTRICT.

["The course of the River Thames is in some parts five miles wide instead of fifty yards."—*Vide Daily Papers.*]

A MELO-MUDDLE DRAMA.

MESSRS. ANTHONY HOPE and HARRISON RHODES have chosen to describe their play of *Captain Dieppe*, now being performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, as "a light comedy." A more correct description of it would be melodramatic-farical-comedy. The hero of this amusing muddle-drama in three Acts is *Captain Dieppe*, perfectly played by Mr. H. B. IRVING. He comes on as does *Captain Charles* in *Who Speaks First*, rendering signal service as intermediary between the husband, *Count Andrea* (Mr. NICHOLAS HOLTHOR, good in a difficult rôle), and the wife, *Emilia* (Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, amusing in a less difficult rôle), whose conduct in compromising herself with a scoundrelly adventurer, one *Paul de Roustache* (or "Moustache," which is much in evidence, Mr. Ivo DAWSON melo-dramatically gnawing at it) will remind most playgoers of the combined indiscretions of *Mrs. Mildmay* and her aunt *Mrs. Sternhold* in regard to *Captain Hawksley*. As *Guillaume Sevier*, a rascally detective, Mr. EDWARD O'NEILL is good, while the female detective, *Madame Sevier* (reminiscent of *Mrs. Bucket* in *Bleak House*), is cleverly, if a little too noisily, played by Miss HELEN FEMERS. In the midst of all the bustling situations it is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. DION BOUCHICAULT on giving us, by his rendering of the *Abbé* (erroneously styled "Father" in the programme) *Alfonso* (this also is quite wrong unless "Alfonso" be a surname) a few restful moments. That the venerable *Abbé* cannot be entirely acquitted of causing scandal by his patting and pawing manners with ladies, and by his allowing them, however innocently, to rest their heads on his shoulders, is as unfortunately true as is the fact that the worthy *Abbé*, perhaps a little upset by these exceptional

familiarities, seems to have forgotten the professional manner of imparting a blessing. In every other respect Mr. BOUCHICAULT's *Abbé* is excellent.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOOD GIRLS.

DEAR LADIES, I note with indignant distress
The way you're attacked in the sixpenny press.
There's never a weekly which doesn't contain
An article holding you up to disdain.

They sneer at your manners and gibe at your taste,
And taunt you with stupidly squeezing your waist.
They twit you with thinking of nought but your clothes,
And larding your maidenly converse with oaths!

You secretly swallow your *Eau de Cologne*.
Your youthful complexion is seldom your own.
You gamble at Bridge in your bedroom till dawn,
And borrow from Men—if your pearls are in pawn!

You're bored and rebellious, you scheme and you plot,
You say and you do all the things you should not.
You're heartless and soulless, your minds are a slough,
And Love is a stranger to whom you won't bow!

In short, though it's certainly horribly sad,
You girls are apparently all that is bad!
But don't be despondent, for, Ladies, you see,
A morsel of comfort is left you in me!

Though cynical weeklies dissect and revile,
This heart shall still flutter whenever you smile!
To me you are ev'rything charming and good;
I'd marry you all on the spot if I could.

A PLEA FOR DISSOLUTION.

A SOMBRE dawning, dashed with snow,
Brings in the deadly punctual day
When I must urge my pen to flow,
And have an air of being gay;
And this poor fool, that once a week
Works out in rhyme his soul's probation,
Looks vainly round the void to seek
A cause for public cachinnation.

He hangs his harp, already strained,
Beside the waters parched with dearth;
The long established founts are drained
That once emitted stuff for mirth;
And, on the tilths he held in fee,
Kaiser and Laureate, turning traitors,
Have spoiled his pitch and grown to be
Their own unequalled commentators.

Rivals have reeved his ancient rights—
REUTER, on Russian feasts, for one—
Making our serious Press o' nights
To team with quaint unconscious fun;
Or KIPLING tries his prentice luck
Amid the fume of carburetters,
Spurring his Muse to run amok
All down the line of English letters.

"Yet there's no lack," you say, "of grist
To yield your grinders full employ,
So long as Parliaments exist
To prove the jester's constant joy."
But Loyalty would loathe to turn
To cynic ends a leader's blunder;
And Sportsmanship declines to spurn
With flippant boot the dog that's under.

Now is the ninth successive year
That I have found myself allied
With Heaven (what chance for humour here?)
Upon the big battalions' side.
But courage nerves the heart again,
And hope foresees a fair fruition,
With liberty to talk profane,
Like Lucifer, in Opposition.

Speed, blessed day! The sands run low;
A sharp and momentary wrench—
And I shall see LLOYD-GEORGE & Co.
Beam from the Ministerial Bench.
Ah! let me dwell, but one sweet moon,
By that pellucid source of laughter—
I shall have lived! nor care how soon
The certain deluge follows after.

O. S.

MANY OLD MASTERS AND THREE GRACES.

At a season of floods like the present, when water has a bad name, it is pleasant to find something in favour of that unpopular element. One need not travel farther than 39a, Old Bond Street, where Messrs. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS are holding their thirty-eighth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings. Here is the justification of water indeed! All the great masters are represented: TURNER (one good TURNER not only deserves another but gets many), PROUT, DAVID COX, and ROBERTS, PETER DE WINT, COTMAN, THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER (with pictures of cows—for a change!), GIETIN, WILLIAM HUNT, VANLEY, BIRKET FOSTER, COPLEY FIELDING, and FRED WALKER. Most charming of the living painters who are on exhibition is Miss M. L. Gow with a trio of large studies of fair ladies. Fairer and more graceful Mr. Punch never saw, and his heart is now divided into three.

THE HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

THE only alternative advice which the opponents of Tariff Reform have so far offered to meet the needs of our failing commerce is that we should improve our Technical Education. Mr. Punch in his Business Manual supplies a long-felt want.

To show, for instance, what may yet be done with one of our two great basal trades (the meat and drink trades) he is happy to give an extract from the above work, and place before an expectant world

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG BUTCHER.

It is not easy to outline a course of training for the embryo butcher. He will of course start with a sound secondary education. Then we recommend him to take the bull by the horns (we may be pardoned a trade simile) and go straight away to Argentina. Here he will spend a year in studying the manners and customs of the ox in its native teacup. An equally long visit should be paid to New Zealand, where the sheep can be observed in its lair. From New Zealand the young aspirant should return in the cold-air store of a steamer, so that he may properly note the effects of frigidity on the animal carcass.

Now that the student has an adequate knowledge of the whole animal (alive or dead) he should take a course of anatomy and study dissection. Under Sir J. CHURCHILL BROWNE he will learn how to cut up anything.

Next we should indicate for the earnest butcher a continental tour in which he will observe the manners, customs, costumes, and trade utensils of the foreign butcher, and consider whether any of them could be advantageously introduced into England. It is essential that he should spend at least a year at the Charlottenburg University Abattoirs. He might also see in the course of his travels if any new animals, such as the porcupine or the armadillo, would prove desirable additions to the British bill of fare.

Then a certain time should be devoted to the study of languages. A butcher who knows the leading European languages undoubtedly has a great advantage over his competitors. Imagine the case of a British butcher who receives an order for a leg of mutton from say Genoa, and has no knowledge of Italian. Could anything be more calculated to check trade? French, Spanish, Italian, and above all German (essential to one who wishes to follow the scientific development of butchery) ought to equip the student for his life's work. Nor should the metric system be neglected. A butcher who is able to render his bills in grammes and kilogrammes will never be troubled with those ruinous deductions from accounts so trying to the ordinary practitioner.

To turn to another side of the business, a butcher who calls at many houses and converses with many servants ought to be a master of the art of graceful repartee. This is to some extent a natural gift, but a study of "RITA'S" novels will greatly help the student. Then, too, he ought to take lessons in the art of depreciation. It is often needful on a busy Saturday evening that a butcher should pour oratorical contempt on the wares of his rivals across the road. Therefore a close study of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S eloquence should be advantageous. A butcher should also not neglect his general culture. One of the most prosperous butchers in Hackney Road attributes his success in life entirely to the fact that he has always been a regular reader of the *Spectator*.

Perhaps the course of study we have outlined may seem an extensive one, but it cannot be too strongly asserted that the days of the common butcher—the "anywhere-you-like-eightpence-Mum" butcher—are numbered. The future lies with the scientific butcher.



THE FAT BOY OF WESTMINSTER.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR. "I SAY! IF YOU GO ON SHRINKING LIKE THIS WE'LL HAVE TO CUT SHORT YOUR ENGAGEMENTS!"



THE FAT BOY OF WESTMINSTER.

DO NOT MIND THE CHILD'S WEIGHT. I HAVE TO TELL YOU THE WEIGHT OF THE CHILD'S WEIGHT. THE CHILD'S WEIGHT IS 100 LBS.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that the fact that the life of Consul, the Chimpanzee, was heavily insured has led to the appearance of several persons who claim to be his next-of-kin.

The report that the price of the *Daily Mail* is to be reduced is a canard.

A number of people interested in the boot-trade are complaining that the increased use of tramcars is having a serious effect on their business. We feel sure it is only necessary to draw the attention of the public to this, and they will take to walking again.

The Russian Government declares that the Jews throughout Russian dominions are now the aiders and abettors of high treason. The ingrates!

The Fiscal Question continues, in spite of the War, to absorb a large amount of attention. It has now been discussed by the Lords. It is not known how they came to hear of it.

Many Members of Parliament are complaining that they get no chance of delivering their orations. It has been proposed, with a view to meeting these cases, that on private Members' days four shall be allowed to speak at the same time until arrears are worked off.

The newest fashionable pet is the Mexican devil-fish. Fashion is certainly wonderfully fickle. One day the favourite is a cat, another a bird, then a dog, then Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and now a fish!

As a means of defence for women in

case of attack by a ruffian, a stiletto hat-pin is about to be placed on the market. We understand that on each hat-pin will be engraved the words, "On no account to be used by the ruffian."

We have more than once called attention to the dangers of duelling. As the result of an encounter at Paris M. DARNOTTE and M. DUBOIS have parted bad friends.

A gentleman writes to the Press as follows:—"1844, 1854, 1864, and 1874 were all very good harvest years. May we hope that, in spite of the unfavourable atmospheric conditions at present experienced, this ten-year cycle may extend to 1904?" We have great pleasure in giving our permission.

LORD SELBORNE has expressed himself as greatly pleased with the progress made by the Naval Volunteer movement on the Thames and the Clyde. He announces that negotiations are now in progress for the establishment of Volunteer divisions on the Severn, the Forth, the Tay and the Mersey, and it is even rumoured that an armoured outrigger is to be placed on the Wandle.

MR. JAMES P. LEE, the famous American inventor, is dead, but the brood is not extinct. The Far East representative of the *New York Herald* has cabled to his journal that trains of twelve cars are now arriving at Port

Arthur every ten minutes.

The Motor Car Show held at the Crystal Palace last week was a great success, though several visitors who came to purchase cheap cars were appalled at the prices, and had to content themselves with a pair of motor spectacles.

The Weather Authorities declare there is no pleasing us. They tried a change last week, and it turned out a frost.



The Professor. "PERMIT ME TO PRESENT MY FRIEND MR. SKINNER, ONE OF OUR MOST PROMISING YOUNG TAXIDERMISTS."

Hostess (who prides herself on always saying the right thing). "BUT HOW INTERESTING! AND ARE YOU FOR OR AGAINST MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS?"

MR. GEORGE MOORE declares that authors with beautiful names write beautiful books, and Miss MARIE CORELLI is said to be quite annoyed at the insinuation that she cannot help it.

Messrs. NEWNES announce that they will shortly issue number one of *Fry's Magazine*. Notwithstanding its title this new venture has no connection with "CADBURY'S JOURNAL."

PICKY BACK.

(Being the Eighth and Last Passage from the re-incarnation of Picklock Holes.)

THE STORY OF THE LOST PICKLOCK.

THERE are some things a man never forgets. Years may pass: a nomadic existence may find a rest in Baker Street; Baker Street in turn may give way to more aristocratic things and a better quarter of the town; there may be marryings and births and burials; any one, in fact, of the innumerable events to which even a conical existence is liable may bring its obliterating influence to bear on the mind, but these unforgettable things, when once they have occurred, stand out for ever with a startling and permanent distinctness that none of the chances and changes of this mortal life can ever manage to thoroughly or even partly efface or, for the matter of that, to injuriously affect. Of such was the adventure which, in pursuance of my duty to HOLES and humanity at large, I am about to describe.

We had been for some time past living a quiet life, disturbed only by a series of telegrams from the Emperor WILLIAM and a prolonged quest for a briar-root pipe and a cairngorm shirt-stud (an heirloom in the HOLES family), which, as it subsequently turned out, had been abstracted and stomachically concealed by *Laura*, the favourite parrot of Mrs. COLES, our landlady. In the investigation which had followed on the disappearance of these articles HOLES had displayed all his marvellous acumen. Never had I known his deductivity to burn with a steadier and a more brilliant flame. How well I recall that memorable afternoon when he sprang suddenly from the horse-hair armchair on which he had been resting and, with a look of concentrated essence of intellect which was almost overwhelming in its Bovrility, shouted to me:—

"Potson, fool of my heart, you are sitting on it, you are sitting on it."

"Am I, HOLES?" I replied, gently. "I am glad to know it, for I have never yet sat on a pipe or a cairngorm, and the feeling is both novel and agreeable."

"Not that, you worm," hissed the great detective, "I don't mean that—at least not in the way you mean," and he proceeded to prove to me that the cushion on which I was seated, being covered with red plush, was intimately allied with the legs of a footman, and that thus, proceeding by the stages of hair-powder, powder-puff, puff-paragraph, par-value, value received, he was able to prove that I had actually been at one time or another in receipt of the lost objects. Ten days afterwards, *Laura* having in the meantime given up the ghost, they were found in her inside. I shall always consider this one of HOLES's most astounding experiments. But I am straying from my point.

For some weeks I had noticed that HOLES seemed ill at ease. Nothing worried him quite so much as the consciousness that events which he could comfortably have controlled and moulded to the benefit of the human species were passing without any help from him; that those who had set these events in motion had done so without consulting him. "It is strange," he would mutter in that far-away ascetic voice of his, "that after all I have done both for the CZAR and the MIKADO they should have had the face to go to war without a word to me."

"HOLES," I broke in impatiently, for I am free to confess that I could never keep my temper in face of a slight put upon the man whom I considered to be the marvel of the century, "HOLES, it is worse than a crime: it is a blunder of unparalleled magnitude. But there is one comfort: the fools will live to regret it."

"Hush, hush, Potson," said HOLES not unkindly, "we must not judge them harshly. Let us remember that possibly even an Emperor and a Mikado may be subject—

it almost shocks me to think so—to human frailties. They may be jealous; on the other hand they may be merely ignorant. And yet even they must have heard what unexampled facilities I possess for concluding wars. POTSON, do you recollect—?"

"Do I recollect!" I interrupted. "Why, HOLES, everybody knows that you finished, absolutely and entirely finished, the South African war months and months and months before the army had begun to dream of peace. That has always seemed to me one of the surest proofs of your massive and superhuman intellect."

Here I broke down, and sobbed like a child.

"Nay, POTSON," said HOLES, patting me on the back with one hand, while with the other he brushed away what I was tempted to think might be the nearest approach to a tear that had ever trickled over that thought-worn and meditative cheek, "nay, POTSON, you must not repine. Though we are not matched in brain-power—Heaven knows I did not ask for all I have, nor did you intend to have so little—we still have one another. Yet I own that, things being what they are, I am—pardon my weakness, POTSON; I cannot help it—I am lost in amazement—"

"No, no, HOLES," I shrieked in anguish, "not lost. Don't say that. Not lost. What should I do without you? Not lost."

But the bolt had fallen. The silver cord was broken. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often. Apollo had bent his bow for the last time. The last cartridge had been expended. HOLES, the mighty detective, the unequalled discoverer of the lost, was now lost himself. He had said it, and it was not for me, the poor Baker Street doctor, to contradict him.

"Shall I try to find you, HOLES?" I asked timidly.

He turned on me with a blaze of anger in his eyes.

"POTSON," he said, "you really are a most consummate fool."

Since then I have abandoned my efforts. For one in my desolate condition the well-tried clues would have been useless. The brain that had given them their unique value had departed with HOLES, and no other could deal with them as they ought to be dealt with.

And so, for the present, my task is done. Yet in the silence of the night-time, or in the busy haunts of men by day, I sometimes hear a voice which says in mysterious accents:—"Some day you shall meet him again."

THE NEW DIFFIDENCE.

"We are not given to prophesy," said the *Spectator* last week, "but if we were—" and then came the inevitable prognostication. After such a statement as that we are prepared to find anything in any of the papers. "It is not our habit to be censorious," the *Saturday* will aver. Or, "If, as is not the case, we ever had an inclination to be critical—"

"Alarmists we certainly have never been," the *Daily Mail* will assure us. Or, "Our aim having been ever to look on the bright side of things and suspect no danger—"

And other openings somewhat in the following manner may be expected from other papers:—

"Eager as we are not for a moment to add to the difficulties of England in the Far East—" *Times*.

"Much as we dislike England's enemies—" *Daily News*.

"It has never been my habit to find fault, but if I did—" *Truth*.

"Averse as we are from suggesting any sympathy with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's fiscal campaign—" *St. James's Gazette*.

"The policy of frivolousness which we have always endeavoured to maintain—" *The Rock*.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

THE value of the Limerick as a hand-
maid to history has not been sufficiently
considered by the commentators who
have ministered to its revival. Many of
the smaller yet significant phases of
modern life can find adequate record
only in its irresponsible jocundity.
Other chronicles jumble and hesitate,
doubt and stammer: the Limerick goes
straight to the point, as the following
specimens, touching events of the
moment in affairs of literature, amply
prove. They have been collected from
several sources, but the illustrious
authors preferring to remain unknown
Mr. Punch has indicated ownership
merely by initials:—

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

There was an old statesman who took
A trip to the Nile *viâ* COOK.
Whenever his mind
To old AKERS inclined,
He laughed till the Pyramids shook.
D.

THE FISCAL PROBLEM.

A Premier from North of the Tweed
By JOSEPH was hopelessly treed;
From a very back seat
He exclaimed with much heat,
"As long as I'm Leader I'll lead!"

It chanced, from his sofa at Brighton,
That he asked, "Is the new man a
right 'un?"

When they said, "His name's
SLACK,"

He collapsed on his back,
And you ne'er saw a wearier Titan.
H. C. B.

TREASURE-HUNTING.

There once was a bard named LE
GALLIENNE,
Who toiled up the slopes of Schiehal-
lion.

In his mouth he'd a song,
In his hand he'd a prong,
For he hoped to unearth a medallion.
A. C. S.

LIBRARIAN TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

There once was a Board of Trade bard,
Who now the Peers' bookshelves must
guard:

He'll dole out a novel
To Dukes (if they grovel),
But the lot of the Bishops is hard.
A. D.

THE MUSES AMONGST THE MOTORS.

There once was a chauffeur named
KIPLING,
Who rushed through the country pip-
pippling.

Whenever he stopped,
Out a parody popped,
But the things weren't remarkably
rippling.
A. A.



ON HIS DIGNITY.

Sam. "MAMMA BOUGHT ME A PAIR OF GLOVES YESTERDAY."

Auntie. "REALLY! WHAT ARE THEY? KIDS?"

Sam. "NO, THEY'RE MEN'S."

THE BUDGET.

A Chancellor once of Exchequer
Tried nobly to keep up his pecker;
His intentions were good,
And he did what he could,
But his Pa was a terrible wrecker.
C. T. R.

"THE DEATH OF ADAM."

There once was a poet named BIXON,
Whose verses were printed in minion;
In a state of collapse
He demanded small caps,
But the comps. had another opinion.
H. N.

SPADE WORK.

There was an old man with a spade,
Who frequently cried, "Who's
afraid?"

He called all to see
What a digger was he:
But they found that the spade had no
blade.
A. J. B.

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL said last week
that he had been erroneously reported
in the *Times* as saying that "only *once*
before," instead of "*twice* before," had
he inflicted a sentence of "twelve
strokes of the cat." But surely if
he leaves the second word unaltered
an error still remains uncorrected.

Strict Neutrality.

G OVERNESS, Junior; Intermediate; male
and female.
Advt. in the "Christian Advocate."

A REVISED LITERARY CATECHISM.

(Compiled from Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S "Avowals" in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for March.)

Question. Can you tell me with whom the English Novel began?—Answer. It began with FIELDING.

Q. What do you know about FIELDING?—A. He was the first English author who sat down to write for money; his voice is unmistakably the voice of an entertainer, and his greatest novel is only a seeming—it seems profound because it has the tone of the smoking-room, and is written flowingly.

Q. With whom did the English Novel end?—A. With JANE AUSTEN.

Q. Was she a great novelist?—A. No, but she created a style—though it was but woolwork.

Q. Have there been any distinguished novelists since?—A. None that I am aware of.

Q. What do you think of SCOTT?—A. His sentences roll as easily as empty barrels, but some of his novels roll no longer, and the rest will go to pieces in a little while.

Q. To what would you be inclined to attribute his failure?—A. To his having been born with such a snub-nosed, conventional, pot-bellied name as WALTER SCOTT.

Q. And that settles SCOTT?—A. That settles SCOTT.

Q. How about THACKERAY?—A. His name is a poor one—the syllables clatter like plates; it is the name one would naturally use when one wants the carriage at half-past two.

Q. Was he a great writer?—A. No, merely an eminently respectable and commonplace person, who is already condemned to oblivion.

Q. Should we think our fathers and mothers stupid for admiring him?—A. No, we must try not to judge them by a modern standard.

Q. And that disposes of THACKERAY?—A. That disposes of THACKERAY.

Q. How would you describe DICKENS?—A. He had a name only fit for a page-boy, and therefore he could not have evolved the music of the Spenserian stanza. To read him reduces any intelligent mind to the condition of a blank Sahara.

Q. And that does for DICKENS?—A. That does for DICKENS.

Q. Who was ALFRED TENNYSON?—A. A man with a beautiful name but with a mediocre intelligence.

Q. Then we need not trouble ourselves about TENNYSON?—A. Nobody ever does, now.

Q. What do you know of GEORGE ELIOT?—A. Very little. Her real name was MARIA EVANS, a chawbacon, thick-loined name, but withal pleasing.

Q. Then why did she assume the *nom de guerre* of "GEORGE ELIOT"?—A. Because the Providence that shaped the writer to its ends required a hollow barren name without sign of human presence, and like a white-lipped sea-shell on the mantelpiece of a Pentonville front parlour.

Q. So as to be in harmony with her books?—A. Precisely.

Q. How do you like the name of SHELLEY?—A. It is a perfectly lovely name!

Q. And the name of SHAKESPEARE?—A. It is the most beautiful name of all, and was chosen by BACON on that account, as the only one under which his plays could be written.

Q. What is your opinion of CHARLOTTE BRONTË?—A. Her name was all right—but she was a governess, and wrote melodramas about governesses, and it is a sign of weakness to write about ourselves.

Q. Tell me anything you know about BYRON.—A. He was not by nature a versifier, but he wrote in verse because he wanted freedom from the restraints of prose.

Q. What are the restraints of prose?—A. I suppose the laws of rhyme and metre. Anyhow, verse is the legitimate

vehicle of thought in England, because it is made out of the vast unchanging life within us.

Q. Then it is not a sign of weakness for Poets to write about themselves?—A. They mostly do.

Q. Can you state Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S latest critical discovery?—A. He has discovered that the name a writer bears interprets the quality of his writing.

Q. Does this refer to his real name or his *nom de guerre*?—A. To whichever suits the theory best.

Q. Can you give any proof of this theory?—A. I can. All our English Poets, without exception, have beautiful names.

Q. For example?—A. AKENSIDE, BROWNE, BROWNING—

Q. Surely you would not call BROWNING a Poet?—A. I was forgetting. But CRABBE, CRASHAW, DEKKER, DONNE, DYER, FLETCHER, JONSON, LODGE, NASHE, QUARLES and WITHER are all beautiful names.

Q. And what kind of names have modern Novelists?—A. They have vulgar squashy names like pot-hats and goloshes.

Q. Can you give instances?—A. Certainly; BARRIE, BESANT, EGERTON CASTLE, CONRAD, MAURICE HEWLETT, ANTHONY HOPE, MARSHOTT, MEREDITH and FRANKFORD MOORE.

Q. And what deduction should be drawn from these hideous surnames?—A. That their owners are a broken-kneed, wind-galled, spavined lot of hansoms.

Q. Do these epithets apply to them as drivers, horses, or vehicles?—A. The comparison is all the more appropriate because it does not go quite on all fours and must not be driven too far.

Q. What would you say about the names of French and Russian novelists?—A. They are *always* beautiful.

Q. Mention some.—A. ABOUT, BELOT, DAUDET, GABORIAU, DOSTOEVSKI, POUCHKIN, and GORKI.

Q. Having dismissed most English novels as beneath contempt, can you mention any modern works from the pages of which a kind of soul arises?—A. I seem to remember a book called *Wee Macgreggor*.

Q. Don't be ridiculous! Come, pull yourself together. What are the only two novels referred to in *Avowals* in terms of respect and consideration?—A. I suppose you mean *Evelyn Innes*, and *Sister Teresa*.

Q. How do you like the name of MOORE?—A. TOMMY MOORE sounds most melodious and sacchariferous.

Q. I mean GEORGE MOORE, not TOMMY. Didn't he write *Evelyn Innes*?—A. I believe he did.

Q. And does it resemble the colourless productions of SCOTT, THACKERAY, DICKENS, or GEORGE ELIOT, in any one particular?—A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. And what does Mr. GEORGE MOORE do when he is weary of original work?—A. He takes an æsthetic holiday.

Q. Can you define an "æsthetic holiday"?—A. It appears to consist in lounging through the National Portrait Gallery and making a long nose at every writer who has enriched our Literature.

Q. Should you expect this exciting adventure to create any slump in the sale of their works?—A. I should not.

Q. Does Mr. GEORGE MOORE expect us to take his discoveries seriously?—A. I trust he has not quite so low an opinion of our intelligence as all that.

Q. Does he take them seriously himself?—A. I think more highly of his intelligence than to suppose so.

Q. Then what has impelled him to print these amiable indiscretions?—A. The æsthetic necessity he has himself avowed.

Q. And what is that?—A. To fill a column. F. A.

THE VERY LAST ON THIS SUBJECT.—A correspondent wishes to be informed whether the male relative of Little Mary is Little Tummy?



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

(Gentleman with comic face has just finished very pathetic story.)

Brown (who is very deaf, and has been watching his expression). "HA! HA! VERY GOOD! FUNNIEST THING I'VE HEARD FOR A LONG TIME!"

MY LAST ILLUSION.

MORE years ago than I can state
(Or would divulge if I were able)
It was my privilege and fate
To worship the enchanting MABEL.

She was a maid of sweet fifteen;
Blue-eyed and flaxen as a fairy
Was MABEL; as a rule I lean
To something darker, but I vary.

And for awhile we lived enrapt
In our young loves, and all was jolly;
Till I was shamefully entrapped
By one who bore the name of MOLLY.

For MOLLY's eyes were black as ink;
And MOLLY's hair was deepest sable;
It pains me even now to think
How badly I behaved to MABEL.

But I was doomed to pay the price,
For MOLLY proved both false and
giddy;
I gave her some sincere advice
Once, and was jilted for a middy.

O bitter, bitter was my cup!
I almost felt like one demented;
I hardly cared for bite or sup
Till I saw MABEL, and repented.

But MABEL's wrath was undisguised,
She was distinctly cold and haughty;
I told her I apologised,
I owned that I was very naughty;

I left no stone unturned to woo
The sufrage of her tender mercies;
I wrote her letters not a few,
And some extremely poignant verses;

Tears, vows, entreaties, all were vain:
We parted with a final flare-up—
I only saw her once again,
Just at the time she put her hair up.

For several years we ranged apart;
But though in minor ways unstable,
Down in its deeps, my torpid heart
Has always hankered after MABEL.

And often, when I heard the name,
It would begin to throb *con moto*
In homage to my boyhood's flame,
And anguished longings for her photo.

I have no longings now. To-night
For one brief hour we came together,
And for that one brief hour you might
Have knocked me over with a
feather.

Perhaps the fault was mine. Perhaps,
In nourishing a youth's Ideal,
I had forgotten how the lapse
Of time would modify the Real.

Maybe the charms that won the boy's
Young heart were there in full per-
fection,
But could no longer counterpoise
My bias for a dark complexion.

But ah, what boots the abstract doubt?
Seeing that she has wed another,
What boots it that I thought her stout,
And growing like her dreadful
Mother?

'Tis but my last illusion fled,
Perished, dissolved in idle folly;
The MABEL of my dreams is dead;—
I wonder what became of MOLLY!

DUM-DUM.



A MODERN LAOCOÖN.

An Incident on the Field of Waterloo (Altcar).

WAR NEWS.

THE *Novos Vremya* declares in the most positive manner that the Japanese army in Korea has been entirely routed, that twelve Japanese battleships, twenty-five torpedo boats and one fishing-smack have been sunk by the Vladivostok squadron, and that the MIKADO has fled to Wei-hai-wei disguised as an English lord.

The *New York Herald* says positively that there is absolutely no truth in the rumours of disaffection in Russia, or of a deficiency in the supply of alcoholic liquors in Port Arthur. 569,231 troops left Moscow last week for Manchuria.

STOP PRESS NEWS. (From our extra-special Correspondent with the Japanese Army).—All the war correspondents are detained in Tokio. The weather is fine for the time of year. Bright sunshine recorded at Yokohama yesterday 2-01 hours. To-day's earthquake very slight. All very comfortable here. Nice tea houses. Nice tea parties. [The remainder of the telegram has apparently been suppressed by the Censor.]

STOPPER PRESS NEWS. (From our extra-special Correspondent with the Russian

Army).—[The whole of this telegram has apparently been suppressed by the Censor.]

NEW KINDERGARTEN METHODS.

[“Whenever you say ‘Don’t’ to a child you crush the creative within him which is the richest and most precious thing he has.”—Mr. G. Archibald of Montreal, Child Specialist.]

Ye fathers, ye mothers, ye guardians, indeed

All ye persons “*in loco parentis*,”
Who in infancy sow educational seed,
Which you reap in the teens and the twenties,

If the sheaves you would gather are goodly to see,

Here’s a rule that will help you to win them:—

Consider your charges; be guided by me,

And don’t crush the creative within them.

Should the genius of MARMADUKE lead him to rear,

From the dining-room floor to the ceiling,

A palace of crystal and china, oh! fear
To exhibit an atom of feeling.

But your Satsuma bowl you will cheerfully bring,

And, where others would threaten to skin him,

You will beg him to do as he likes with the thing,

Lest you crush the creative within him.

If LUCY refuses potatoes and bread,
And calls for meringues and for trifle,

Or anything else that may enter her head,
Such yearnings another would stifle.

You will hand her a menu-card, beg her to state

What she happens to fancy for dinner,
And pray that you never may find it your fate

To crush the creative within her.

See our little people, at work or at play,
And own your mistakes are gigantic!

See yourselves in the new Psychological Ray

Which beams from beyond the Atlantic!

Those brains-of-an-oyster, believe me, you owe

To the brutal Malacca and sinew
Which urged you along “in the way you should go,”

Yes!—and crushed the creative within you.



OPPORTUNITY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, February 22.—Fundamental difference between House of Lords and House of Commons brought into strong light. On Order Paper of former stands resolution of proportions of one of those short speeches for which the soul of Major RASCH yearneth. It is fathered by Lord MUSKERRY, and proposes nothing less—indeed nothing more—than suspension of Irish Land Act passed last year. Incited by action of DON JOSÉ, MUSKERRY wants to appoint his own Commission to inquire into the effect of previous legislation on same lines.

Had any eccentric Member of Commons conceived this notion and desired to read a paper expounding it, he would have found himself obliged to seek opportunity at the mouth of the ballot-box. He might have balloted week after week, and when, after long buffeting, fortune favoured him, he would probably, shortly after rising, have found himself counted out, his paper unread.

They manage these things differently in the Lords. Any Peer, consulting solely his own convenience, may put down, on any night, whatsoever fantastic proposal occurs to his mind as he sits in his baronial hall. It is printed at the expense of the nation; House sits in full form, if not in full force; the precious paper, from which the family circle, the butler standing rapt at respectful distance, have already suffered, is ruthlessly read to the end.

That Young Fellow, WEMYSS, once introduced pleasing variation upon custom. Having given long notice of



KING JOHN (OF BATTERSEA).

"If I were King, I wouldn't stand it."

Mr. J-hn B-rns's speech on the advertisement monstrosities near Buckingham Palace.

stupendous resolution affecting either China or Peru, he observed on entering House that PRIME MINISTER had not turned up. Accordingly, postponed his speech for a week, when the hapless MARKISS, admitting fatuity of attempting to evade it, more or less comfortably slept through its delivery.

MUSKERRY not so fastidious. House nearly empty, but his manuscript full. *Forti et fideli nihil difficile* is the MUSKERRY family motto. So he drums away half an hour, waking up LANSDOWNE on three several occasions by audibly snapping his fingers at Maynooth.

More than a generation passed since introduction of that word into Parliamentary debate stirred the blood. With the fourth Baron MUSKERRY the wound still bleeds. Is convinced that Maynooth is at bottom of the failure of Land Act GEORGE WYNDHAM piloted through the Commons with natural grace and cultured skill.

"It seems," he says, "to have been the object of the authors of this machinery of robbery and confiscation to tickle the cupidity of well-to-do farmers from whose rents Maynooth (*click!*) is recruited and provided. Maynooth (*click!*) is encouraged; the gentry, artisans, civilisation and labour may go to ruin."

Almost expected the inspired orator to drop into poetry after the manner of RUTLAND in his salad days:

From Gentry, Art, and Labour stand aloof,
But fill, oh fill the pockets of Maynooth!

In verbatim note of passage from speech here quoted the word in brackets marks the explosion created by contact between the noble Lord's thumb and forefinger. Thing quite new in Parliamentary debate; wonderful effect upon argument. Strengthened by peculiar action attending it. Ordinary people, when at mention of Maynooth or other personally exasperating word they snap their fingers, extend arm and fire away. Possibly MUSKERRY was driven from ordinary practice by fact that right in front of him, solemn on the Wool-sack, bewigged and begowned, sat the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Had he even appeared to be snapping his fingers at that dignitary, remarks would have been made.

Accordingly, whenever the word Maynooth welled up, the indignant Peer, turning half a pace to the right, fired away in that direction, as if he were out shooting in the demesne at Drumcollogher and a woodcock had sped by.

When all the ammunition had been shot away and Maynooth understood to be riddled, MUSKERRY sat down. An Irish Duke and eke a Baron said a few words. Motion withdrawn. House solemnly adjourned, not a smile having

flickered over features of noble Lords throughout the delightful comedy.

Business done.—Lord MUSKERRY moves to suspend working of Land Act. Lord ASHBOURNE protested that "no one with any sense" would affirm that the Act



"CHIN-CHIN" OR A "CHINESE COMPOUND."

Viceroy of the Provinces of Teh-Ku-In, and Peh-Yu-Loh.
(The Rt. Hon. Alfr-d L-t-t-l-n.)

was a failure. Lord MUSKERRY had reiterated that assertion. *Argal*—but we won't pursue the proposition.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—At Question time conversation quite Ollendorfian in style. COLONIAL SECRETARY stated that a person would be appointed to China to explain to Chinamen the nature of contracts entered into for service in South African mines. This followed:—

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Is this person to be all over China, or in some particular place?

Mr. LYTTELTON. He is to be in that place where it is desirable he should be.

Mr. MACNEILL. Am I to understand that the details of the arrangement are to be left to the discretion of Lord MILNER?

Mr. LYTTELTON. No, Sir; you must not understand that.

Mr. MACNEILL. Then I do understand it.

Ever since the MEMBER FOR SARK has been going about with reminiscences of similar passages from the original.

"Have you the pink umbrella of your grandfather's cousin?"

"No; but I have the green sunshade of his wife's sister-in-law."

Army Estimates on yesterday. To-day Navy has a look in. Concatenation of circumstance useful as bringing into strong light the subtle policy that underlies administration of the two Services. ARNOLD-FORSTER understood to

know something about Naval affairs. He has, in fact, reviewed the fleet from a Conning Tower. He is, accordingly, sent to take charge of the War Office.

Then there is Captain PRETTYMAN. He is a man of war, has smelt powder fired on Royal birthdays and the like by the Royal Suffolk Volunteer Artillery. Whenever in past days Army matters were to the fore, he sure the gallant captain would be around putting things right.

"The very man for the Navy," says PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding him critically.

So the honorary Colonel of the First Suffolk Volunteer Artillery is made Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Thus are the Services brought into closer touch. To-day it fell to PRETTYMAN's lot to defend the Navy Estimates, which include purchase money of two Chilean war vessels.

Last March, when subject before House, PRINCE ARTHUR scorned suggestion that these vessels, then in the market, should be bought. They were, he insisted, in every way unsuitable for brotherhood of the British Fleet. Now, at a price reaching a million and three-quarters sterling, they have been acquired. How is this, Committee wants to know.

PRINCE ARTHUR not here to explain. If he were, he might recall BENEDICK's remark when charged with inconsistency: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think that I should live till I were married."

So PRINCE ARTHUR: "When I said I would not have these Chilean vessels as a gift, I did not think I should live to give £1,875,000 for them."

In his absence PRETTYMAN volubly explains that the transaction is really an economy. Suppose we hadn't bought them, some other nation would. Thereupon we should have had to build two others, which would have cost at least a couple of millions. Transaction therefore actually puts a quarter of a million sterling into the pocket of British taxpayer.

In matters of domestic finance *Wilkins Micawber* not in it with ERNEST GEORGE PRETTYMAN, late Captain in the Royal Artillery. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six; result misery."

Compare with that PRETTYMAN's economical dictum and see how trifling was *Mr. Micawber's*.

"Two war ships cost two millions sterling. Buy them for one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds no shillings and pence, and you collar for the working-man (whose vote will soon be wanted) one hundred

and twenty-five thousand pounds no shillings and pence. Result, return of Government with increased majority."

Business done.—Captain PRETTYMAN, late of the Suffolk Volunteer Artillery, now at the Admiralty, comes out in new character as authority on finance.

Friday night.—The last words of eminent men are treasured up in literature. Some are beautiful; some grim;



A KEEN WIT.

Frederick Lambton, twin.

several apocryphal. JOHN PENN, for a dozen years Member for his native town of Lewisham, was not numbered among the great of the earth. A simple-minded, shrewd-headed, kind-hearted man, he shrank from the cheap publicity of the Question hour, never wasted time of House by prosy or argumentative speech. Still I venture to think his last recorded words, in respect of their sublime unselfishness, the rare consideration for others at the awful moment when humanity is usually concerned for itself, are worthy of record. Only to-day I hear of them from his old Harrow housemate, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND.

"Don't bury me on Thursday," PENN whispered, the hand of Death already upon him. "There is a little girl opposite going to be married on that day, and it would be gruesome."

The little girl opposite was the daughter of Sir WEETMAN and Lady PEARSON, now Lady DENMAN. As far as I know, PENN was not personally acquainted with the family on the opposite side of Carlton House Terrace. But he had heard of the coming marriage, and, deep in the shadow of the Valley of Death, his first thought, as it had been through his lifetime, was for others.

Business done.—Musical Copyright Bill considered.

MOTTO FOR DENTIST.—*Facile Forceps.*

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISHMAN.

[The Scotch Education Department, not satisfied with the pronunciation in vogue beyond the Tweed, has appointed a Liverpool gentleman to instruct the teachers of Scotland how to speak polite English.]

A PLAGUE on yon Department, JAMES!

It maun be aye appearin'
Wi' sic a host o' daft-like schemes,
Forever interferin'.
Tis past a joke when feckless fouk
Awa' in Lunnon ettle
Wi' a' this fuss tae talk tae us,
The Schule Board o' Kingskettle.

I'll tell ye hoo it comes tae pass—

The facts are easy stated:

They tak' inspectors frae a class

No richtly eddicated

An' when the fules inspect oor schules

I'll swear upon my life, JAMES,

There's no a man can unnerstan'

The classic tongue o' Fife, JAMES.

An' whaur's the cure? The thing tae
dae

Tae pit them on their mettle

Wad be tae raise inspectors tae

The staundard o' Kingskettle;

But eh! I fear frae what I hear

'Thae fouk in Lunnon toun, JAMES,

Are bent the noo on findin' hoo

Tae eddicate us doun, JAMES.

For hae ye heard their latest plan?

I canna weel believe it—

Deil tak' the impidence o' man

That ever daured conceive it!

They're sendin' doun a Southron loon

Frae far across the border

Tae lairn us hoo tae shape oor mou'

An' set oor tongue in order.

Noo hoo could ony man expect

We'd thole thae Angliceasms

An' lairn a furrin' dealec'

O' crude proveencieasms?

Tae think a fule frae Liverpool

Should undertak' tae settle

The kind o' way we ought tae say

Oor wordies in Kingskettle!

STILL ANOTHER CASE OF PRECOGNITION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I don't quite know what this precognition means that everybody is talking about, but I believe I experienced a marvellous instance of the mysterious sensation just now when I happened to be saying goodbye in the hall to Mr. EDWIN JONES, to whom I had at that moment become engaged. Without warning he took me in his arms, and it was then, *Mr. Punch*, that there flashed across me the weird intuition that *I had been there before*. Of course I did not tell him so. Yours ever, A.

P.S.—Men are so like one another, aren't they?



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER EXPRESSED.

Captain Sawney (at a Mi-Carême fancy dress ball, perfectly satisfied that he is saying a happy thing and paying a very great compliment). "Well, you do look DELIGHTFUL! FASCINATING! TOO CHARMING FOR WORDS! WHAT AN AWFUL PITY IT IS YOU ARE NOT ALWAYS LIKE THAT!"

GOLF AND GOOD FORM.

(By the Expert Wrinkler.)

Is it good form to golf? That is a question I have been so repeatedly asked of late by correspondents that I can no longer postpone my answer. Now to begin with, I fear there is no doubt that golf is a little on the down grade—socially. Golf is no longer the monopoly of the best set, and I am told that artisans' Clubs have actually been started in certain districts. The other day, as I was travelling in Lancashire, a man in the same compartment—with the most shockingly ill-cut trousers I ever saw—said to a friend, "I like 'Oylake, it's 'ealthy, and it's 'andy and within 'ail of 'ome." And it turned out that the chief attraction to him at Hoylake was the golf. Such an incident as this speaks volumes. But I always try to see both sides of every question, and there is unquestionably a great deal to be said in favour of golf. It was undoubtedly played by Kings in the past, and at the present moment is patronised by Grand Dukes, Dukes, Peers and Premiers.

GOLF AND DRESS.

But the real and abiding attraction of golf is that it mercifully gives more opportunities to the dressy man than any other pastime. Football and cricket reduce every one to a dead level in dress, but in golf there is any amount of scope for individuality in costume. Take the case of colour alone. The other day at Finsbury Park station I met a friend on his way home from a day's golfing, and I noticed that he was sporting the colours of no fewer than five different Clubs. On his cap was the badge of the Camberwell Crusaders; his tie proved his membership of the Bickley Authentics; his blazer was that of the Tulse Hill Non-descripts; his brass waistcoat buttons bore the monogram of the Gipsy Hill Zingari; the roll of his knickerbocker stockings was embroidered with the crest of the Kilburn Incogs. The effect of the whole was, if I may be allowed the word, spicy in the extreme. Of course it is not everyone who can carry off such a combination, or who can afford to belong to so many first-class Clubs. But my friend is a very handsome man, and has a handicap of *plus* two at Tooting Bec.

KNICKERBOCKERS OR TROUSERS.

The burning question which divides golfers into two hostile camps is the choice between knickerbockers and trousers. Personally I favour the latter, but it is only right to explain that ever since I was gaffed in the leg by my friend Viscount — when out cub-sticking with the Cottesmore I have

never donned knickers again. To a man with a really well-turned calf and neat ankles I should say, wear knickerbockers whenever you get a chance. The late Lord SEPTIMUS BOULGER, who had very thick legs, and calves that seemed to begin just above the ankles, used to wear knickerbockers because he said it put his opponent off his play. If I may say so without offence he was a real funny chap, though a careless dresser, and I am told that his father,



QUOTATIONS GONE WRONG.

"LIFE HAS PASSED
WITH ME BUT ROUGHLY SINCE I HEARD THREE LAST."
Cooper.

old Lord SPALDING, has never been the same man since his death.

STOCKINGS AND CALVES.

Another advantage of knickerbockers is the scope they afford for the display of stylish stockings. A very good effect is produced by having a little red tuft, which should appear under the roll which surmounts the calf. The roll itself, which should always have a smart pattern, is very useful in conveying the impression that the calf is more fully developed than it really is. I noticed the other day at Hanger Hill that Sir ARLINGTON BALL was playing in a pair of very full knickers,

almost of the Dutch cut, and that his stockings—of a plain brown colour—had no roll such as I have described. Then of course Sir ARLINGTON has an exceptionally well-modelled calf, and when in addition a man has £30,000 a year he may be allowed a certain latitude in his dress and his conduct generally.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The question of footwear at golf is one of considerable difficulty, but there is a general feeling in favour of shoes. My friend the Tooting Bec *plusser* affects a very showy sort of shoe with a wide welt and a sort of fringe of narrow strips of porpoise hide, which fall over the instep in a miniature cataract. As regards the rival merits of india rubber studs on the soles and of nails, I compromise by a judicious mixture of both. If a waistcoat be worn it should be of the brightest possible colour. I saw Lord DUNCHING the other day at Wimbledon Park in a charming waistcoat. The groundwork was a rich spinach green with discs of Pompeian red, and the buttons were of brass with his monogram in blue and white enamel in the centre. As it was a cold day he wore a mustard-coloured Harris tweed Norfolk jacket and a sealskin cap. Quite a large crowd followed him, and I heard afterwards that he had raised the record for the links to 193.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A VALET.

One thing is certain—and that is we cannot all be first-class players. Personally, owing to the accident I have already referred to, I hardly ever play at all, but I always make it a point, if I am going on a visit to any place in the country where I know there are no golf links, to take a few niblicks with me. A bag for clubs only costs a few shillings, and it looks well amongst your other paraphernalia on a journey. In engaging a valet, again, always remember to ascertain whether he knows the rules of the "royal and ancient game." I shall never forget my humiliation when down at Lord SPRINGVALE'S. As I was taking part in a foursome with the Hon. AGRIPPA BRAMBLE, Lady HORACE HILTON, and the Second Mrs. BUNKERAY, I got stuck in a furze-bush and my man handed me a putter. I could have cried with vexation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAVENDISH, CHATSWORTH.—As to the treatment of divots different methods are recommended by different authorities. My plan, and I am not aware of a better, is to put them in my pocket when the caddie is not looking. When thoroughly dried they form an excellent peat for burning, or can be used for bedding out rhododendrons.

"NIL DESPERANDUM," BECKENHAM.—The

best stimulant during match play is a beaten-up egg in a claret glass of sloe gin. The eggs are best carried in the pocket of your club-bag.

A. FLUBB, WOKING.—No, it is not good form to pay your caddie in stamps.

ALCIBIADES, WEMBLEY PARK.—If you must play golf on Sunday, I call it nothing short of hypocritical to go down to the links in a tall hat.

JOURNALISM IN TABLOIDS.

A UNIQUE OFFER!

THE DAILY TIPSTER.

Ready April 1st.

The Smallest Daily Paper in the World,
at the Largest Price!

COMPARE THESE STATEMENTS:

Your daily paper now costs you a halfpenny, and would take the best part of a week if you wanted to read it through.

THE DAILY TIPSTER will cost you

Sixty Times that Sum,

And you will be able to read it from end to end in two minutes.

WHY do we ask more and offer less than any other daily paper?

BECAUSE we know that you do not want cheap journalism;

YOU WANT NEWS.

BUT you want it in the least possible time.

This is a necessity.

And you are willing to pay for it.

Therefore, THE DAILY TIPSTER will consist only of

Four Specially Wired Paragraphs,

one on Sport, one on Politics, one on War, and one on the Money Market, and will be issued at

Half-a-Crown.

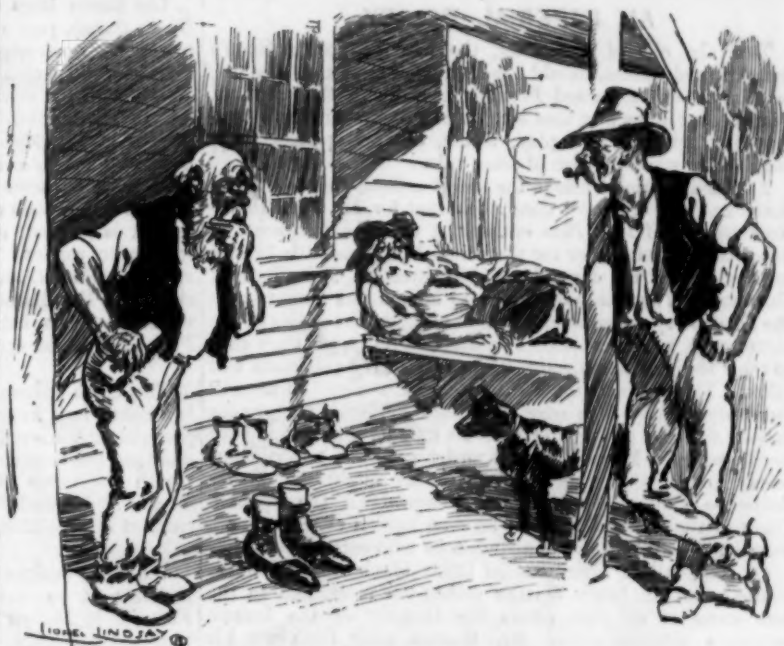
WE ARE NOT ICONOCLASTS.

Recognising that some sections of the Public are conservative and suspicious of innovations, we are prepared to

Institute our Reforms Gradually.

With this object we make an exceptional offer to those who may still prefer to have their news served in bulk. At the end of each section of THE DAILY TIPSTER will be found a coupon, which will entitle the bearer, on payment of sixpence, to admission to News Rooms situated in various parts of the Universe. These rooms will be fitted with gramophones, which will deliver

Elaborate Versions of the Telegrams published in the particular section from



MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

(The "Boots" at the Shadows of Death Hotel, in the back block of Australia, on seeing a pair of boot-trees for the first time.)

"I SAY, BILLY, THAT POOR BLOKE IN THE BED-ROOM MUST 'AVE 'AD A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. HE'S GOT TWO WOODEN FEET!"

which the coupon is taken. The elaborations will be the work of skilled journalists, and are guaranteed to give every satisfaction.

ORDER EARLY.

In a month or two the price may be
A Sovereign.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

(An American writer, Mrs. STETSON-GILMAN, has published a book entitled *The Home*, in which she argues that a nation which forces its women to concentrate their minds on food is doomed; and that we must therefore cease to eat at home and to entertain, and dispense with cooking-pots, if we would achieve anything.)

Up, up, revolting daughters! What!

Are ye content that life
Should be a thing of pan and pot,
A round of fork and knife?

Are ye content, O slaves, to bear
With furrowed brow and thinning hair
The drudgery of household care,
The burden of the wife?

Up, sisters, up! The fault's your own
If many a wasted span
Is spent slave-driving greasy JOAN
And idle MARY ANN.

Why meditate through half the night
New dishes, succulent and light,
To tempt the pampered appetite
Of over-eaten man?

No! Let him feed, if feed he must,
Upon the mid-day steak,
So that at eve some simple crust
Sufficient meal may make;
And he no doubt in time will learn
To eye with joy on his return
The simple tea-pot, caddy, urn,
And slice of seedy cake.

Thus, too, your sons shall come to view
All gluttony with scorn;
Indulgence shall be held taboo,
And luxury forsworn;
Nor shall a race be bred to vex
Our much-abused, long-suffering sex,
And with their greedy wants perplex
Girl-babies yet unborn.

Why entertain? Or if you care
To see your friends at all,
Why not let every street and square
Have its reception hall?
A simple room which one can sluice
With disinfectants after use,
With floor of stone or well-scrubbed
spruce
And tiles upon the wall.

Then up, my sisters! Only think—
To be forever free
From kitchen, pantry, larder, sink—
Eternal drudgery!
Pack all our cares to Jericho,
And how serenely life will flow!
Sans all that makes home home-like, O
How home-like home will be!

AN IMPERIAL POLICY.

THAT the rôle of *Ruy Blas*, the hero of VICTOR HUGO's romantic melodrama, should have attracted Mr. LEWIS WALLER, as aforetime it attracted FECHTER, is quite in the nature of things; but it is a pity that Mr. WALLER should not have been contented with the old play, which, cut and polished up, might have proved a gem of some value.

At the Imperial Theatre the scenic artists, Messrs. BANKS, HICKS and CRAVEN, have done their best for Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON's version of *Ruy Blas* entitled *A Queen's Romance*. It would have been better for the action had some little licence in the matter of dress been permitted to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *The Queen of Spain*, to Miss LYDIA THOMPSON as the *Duchess of Albuquerque*, and to many of the ladies of the Court, who, attired as they now are, can only give such play to their feelings as extensive hoops and heavy petticoats will allow. The *Queen* is a perfect "Court Circular" in herself. Her devoted *Ruy Blas* may get round her with far greater facility than he can get at her. It may be that this is why her imprisoned Majesty, herself under petticoat government, seems to be so peculiarly bored by the attentions of her desperate adorer. How delighted would all the Spanish Court of the Imperial Theatre be even now, if over the doors were inscribed "All hoops abandon ye who enter here!"

Of such telling situations as this "blank version" offers to the actor, Mr. LEWIS WALLER makes the most, and in the last scene of all that closes the tragedy of the lunatic lacquey's strange career Mr. WALLER puts forth all his power, touches our hearts, excites our sympathy, and leaves nothing to be desired,—except that all the previous material had permitted acting such as this.

Mr. FULTON's *Don Salluste* is even more melodramatic than VICTOR-HUGO-DAVIDSON's double-dyed stage villain. It is like Mr. WALDENGARVER's *Hamlet*, "massive and concrete." Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON is fortunate in being cast for the delightful rôle of the always popular *Don César de Bazan*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT's work on Ireland (JOHN MURRAY) is the most valuable contribution to the understanding of a vital and complex question issued for some time. Long before he, with suitability of person to post not a prominent feature in all Ministerial appointments, was placed at the head of the Irish Agricultural Department, Sir HORACE, in modest practical manner, grappled with the subject. He perceived that at the root of the matter was the desirability of agricultural co-operation through voluntary associations. The gospel he preaches is that Ireland must work out her own salvation; at the same time he is not above recognising the necessity of supplementing voluntary effort by a sound system of state aid to agriculture and other industries. Not by agriculture alone is Ireland to be saved. "The best way to stimulate our industries," writes Sir HORACE in two of the many wise sentences that illuminate his book, "is to develop the home market by means of an increased agricultural production and a higher standard of comfort among the peasant producers. We shall thus be operating upon agriculture on the side of consumption as well as production, and so increasing the home demand for Irish manufactures." My Baronite, with pretty intimate knowledge of the history and moulding of the Irish Land Bill, recognises its founder in the Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Board. GEORGE WYNDHAM watered, but HORACE PLUNKETT planted. His establishment of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society demonstrated the truth of his axiom, "Ireland is to be re-created from within. No body of men at Westminster, though they may help or hinder, can do the main work."

The Baron begs to acknowledge the fourth edition of the *Hindi Punch*, just received from Bombay. Mr. Punch, who traces his own origin back to prehistoric times when the Pharaohs and such like moderns were neither born nor thought of, when all the world was young, as Mr. Punch himself ever remains, is delighted to find his family so well represented and so highly popular in India as from this volume of the *Hindi Punch* is evidently the case. It is brought right up to date, and shows clearly how thoroughly *The Hind* and *Brahmin Punchoda* agree, and what useful service, wherever reform is needed, our Indian cousin is always ready and willing to render. In some instances he appears to be a very hot Punch, steaming in fact, but that is a matter of climate. The Baron tenders congratulations on the present volume, and, on behalf of Mr. Punch himself, wishes *Hindi Punch* continued success in the future.

This fresh edition of *Adonais* (METHUEN) is a dainty dish to lay before any king. It is fresh only in the sense of being just printed, since it is an exact reprint, page for page, not omitting the errors, of the edition of 1821 published at Pisa "with the types of DIDOT." My Baronite reads *Adonais* whenever he finds it at hand. In this charming edition, frocked in pale blue, he finds fresh delight.

What can be done to help the British Stage was the plaintive heading of an article by Mr. W. L. COURTNEY in the *Fortnightly Review* for last month. The question was emphasised not only by quotations from a letter written by Mr. JOHN HARE to the *Times*, but also by an excerpt from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. PINEO; but the appeal was scarcely strengthened by a letter from Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON (not to be confounded with Mr. MAUDE's partner in the Haymarket management), whose claim to be regarded as an authority on theatrical matters has yet to be allowed. The Baron would be inclined to surmise, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that Mr. HARRISON's acquaintance with theatrical matters in England is probably limited to the circumstance, as he has here stated it, of his having once upon a time written "a piece" (the Baron supposes he means a play) with, apparently, a purpose. What has become of this immortal work? The erudite Baron is compelled to confess, with compunction, his entire ignorance of the very existence of this literary and dramatic treasure. It may have been published anonymously, as anonymity has been on one occasion at least, of which the Baron happens to be cognisant, adopted by the philosophic Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. If however by "piece" he did not mean a play, what was it, and why was it referred to in this connection?

The Poet Laureate of course has made his *début* under Mr. TREE's auspices as a dramatic author, and there are, we take it, not many playgoers who, having once seen our ALFRED's *Flodden Field* during its not extraordinarily prolonged run at His Majesty's, are likely to forget it. In the March number of the *Fortnightly* there appears a second list of thirty-seven "signatories" of whom only a dozen names can fairly be cited as practical experts. But what is it that these worthy "signatories" (we allude to such names among them as are not usually associated with the drama) require? Whatever it may be, had not the entire subject better be left to experienced professional actors, with Sir HENRY IRVING as their president, who thoroughly know the public, and will be universally recognised as authorities in such a matter?

